

THE POST.

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AT LEBANON, KY.,
BY W. W. JACE.

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Port's Corner.



From the Baton Rouge Advocate.
The Questions.

Mother, what are most sweet to hear?
A bird of the spring with its notes of joy,
Or the lisp'd prayer of a kneeling boy;
The simple Aeolian's wind-wrought swell,
Or the far-off sound of the Convent bell;
A maiden's voice as she whispers low,
The beautiful words of the marriage vow,
Or the peasant's sob sincerely given
To be borne on the wings of Hope to Heaven.
These are most sweet to hear,
For they wake in the spirit a thousand things
Of the brightest and purest imaginings.
Father, what are most sweet to behold?
A mind that beams from a beautiful face,
Like a lamp that is hid in a crystal vase;
An open brow and a starlit eye,
And a cheek that shames the rose's dye,
With a curling lip in its rounded swell;
While the flowers enwreathed in each silken tress,
Are but types of the spirit's happiness.—
These are most sweet to behold.
For the beautiful things we hear and see
Are shrouded in the home of our memory,
To be summoned forth amid sorrow and strife,
Like stars to shine in the night of life.
Baton Rouge, Jan. 5, 1857. J.

Secret Sales. Beginning Life:

OR
ROLLING OVER WITH A PRETTY GIRL
IN A STREAM OF WATER.

I began life by running away from home. Boileau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate and the peck of a turkey. Artilla started in life with no other cause and capital than an old sword, which he was adroit enough to palm off for the divine weapon of Mars; and Robespierre owed his political career to wetting his stockings, and there heard "the words which burn," which fired his soul, and determined his course in life. My running away from home came from a minor mortification, caused by carrying a pretty girl over the brook.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded, with little more than friendship, pretty Helen Graham, "our eldest girl" at school. We romped and danced together, and this lasted for such a length of time that it is with feelings of bewilderment that I look back upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But the time came, as come it must, when jealousy lit her spark in my boyish bosom, and blew it into a consuming flame.

Well do I remember her bow, and when the "green-eyed" perpetrated this incendiary deed. It was on a cold October evening, when Helen, Donald and myself were returning with our parents from a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford where the water was somewhat higher than ankle deep, we prepared to carry Helen across, as we were accustomed to do, with hands interwoven "chair fashion," and thus carried our pretty passenger over the brook. Just as we were in the middle of the water—which was cold enough at that time to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves—a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was I knew not, for we had carried Helen fifty times across the brook ere now, without emotion; but this evening I thought or fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her pretty arm around his neck, while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my jacket.

No flame can burn so quickly or with so little fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank, I was wishing Donald at the bottom of the sea. Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with—
"Ye need na hand sae gingerly, Helen, as if ye feared a fa'. I caw aye carry ye lighter than Donald can half of ye."

Surprised at the vehemence of my tone, our queen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparing my powers. But Donald's ire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in feat of carriage. On such topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite bank, it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly bearing Helen across the ford in our arms.

Helen was to determine who had carried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance, that the one who obtained the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her affections. The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day, that I could have carried Donald and Helen on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.

We suffered all the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned to the ford. I lifted Helen with the utmost care, and carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and it was with feeling unknown before that I embraced her lovely form, and felt the pressure of

her cheek against mine. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly for a minute. But alas, in the very deepest part of the ford, I trod on a treacherous piece of wood, which rested, I suppose, upon a smooth stone. Over I rolled; bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise until fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald, or the more accusing silence of Helen. Both believed that I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated his superior ability, bearing her for a long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house, Helen, feeling dry, and better humored, attempted to conciliate me. But I preserved a moody silence. I was mortified beyond redress.

That night I packed up a few things and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the negation which it had received, and prompted me to a course which fortunately led to better results than usually attend such irregularities. I went to Edinburgh, where I found an uncle, a kind hearted, childless man, who gladly gave me a place in his house, and employed me in his business. Wealth flowed in upon him. I became his partner—went abroad—resided for years on the continent, and finally returned to Scotland, rich, educated, in short, everything but married.

One evening, while in a ball at Glasgow, I was struck by a young lady of unpretending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and heightened expression, indicated a mind of more than ordinary power. I was introduced, but the Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and I could not catch her's. It was Helen something, and there was something in the face, too, that seemed familiar—something suggestive of pleasure and pain.

But we became well acquainted that evening. I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country, had been educated, her parents had lost their property, and she was now a governess in a family of the city.

I was fascinated by her conversation, and was continually reminded by her grace and refinement of manner, that she was capable of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have allotted her. I am naturally neither talkative nor prone to confidence; but there was that in this young lady which inspired both, and I conversed with her as I had never conversed with any. Her questions of the various countries with which I was familiar, indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature and an incredible store of information.

We progressed in the intimacy, and as our conversation turned on the causes which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that I owed my own travels to falling with a pretty girl in a ford.

I had hardly spoken these words ere the blood mounted to her face, and she succeeded by quite a remarkable paleness. I attributed this to the heat of the room—laughed—and, at her request, proceeded to give the details of my ford adventure, with Helen Graham, which I did, painting in glowing colors, the amiability of my love.

Her mirth during the recital became almost irrepressible. At the conclusion she remarked:

Mr. Roberts, is it possible you have forgotten me?

I gazed an instant—remembered—and was dumb-founded. The lady with whom I had become acquainted was Helen Graham herself.

I hate, and so do you, reader, to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married. Helen and I made our bridal tour to the old place. As we approached it in our carriage, I greeted a stout fellow working in the field, who seemed to be a better sort of laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answered well enough, and I was about to give him a sixpence, when Helen stayed my hand, and cried in the old style:

"Hey, Donald, mon, dinna ye ken ye'r old frens?"

The man looked in astonishment. It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by its style; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage and answer our numerous queries as to old friends.

Different men start in life different ways. I believe, however, that mine is the only instance on record of a gentleman who owes his wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

CRIME IN TEXAS.—Crime is so prevalent that the Chronicle and Advocate, a religious paper published there, says:

The number of homicides, murders and assassinations in Texas, for the last few years, is utterly appalling. When we first became the conductor of the Advocate, we noticed, as items of news, the different killings, as they occurred, from week to week. But the horrid list has so rapidly increased, both in number and boldness, that we shrink from making our columns a calendar of crime, and from familiarizing the minds of our readers, especially the young, with such demoralizing scenes.

Life's Vicissitudes.

While they teach the elevated humility, are well calculated to encourage the lowly and cheer the faint hearted. Few men are so rich in this country, but they may lack the means to purchase a dinner, and may die in utter destitution. On the other hand, the poor friendless boy of to-day may, in no great number of years, become the possessor of scores of thousands, the loved and respected of a large community.

Not very many years since, a little boy might have been seen picking up chips for his widowed mother's fire, where a public building was in process of erection. Since that time the little boy has grown to be a man, and that man is—Hiram Powers, world renowned, and as widely honored.

An awkward youth left Jersey many years ago. The best use his father could put him to was to help him to make the family shoes in winter time. By long years of industry, temperance, and economy, his fortune is now counted by millions. And still mindful of human vicissitudes, he has donated a large property to the city authorities, providing that its income shall be given to the poor, so long as there are none of his family and name to apply for a night's lodging or a loaf of bread.

Twenty years ago, a fatherless boy was placed in a third or fourth rate country store, "for his victuals and clothes." His cheery face and laughing countenance, his accommodating disposition, and the alacrity with which he served his customers, soon advanced him to a better store, at a dollar a week extra, which he regularly placed in the hands of his mother, to aid her, by marketing for others, to support her little family. To-day he ships cargoes for his own vessels, but embarks in no important enterprise without first consulting that mother's will.

The son of an apple woman we know to be one of the richest men in the United States, and who accumulated his wealth by his own activity and enterprise—not by speculation, but by legitimate commerce—by honorable mercantile competition.

A nice young man, ten years ago, worth fifty thousand dollars, who delighted in horses, hounds, and gunning, married a young lady of refinement and superior education. Now, with that same wife and five small children, in a country village beyond the Mississippi, he teaches a writing school for his daily bread.

Let us now go around to times long passed, and see how history teaches the same lesson.

In 1777, Mr. Hastings received an humble petition from the great Mogul for aid against his enemies—ten years later, and Mr. Hastings is on his knees in the House of Lords and was obliged to give bail that he would not run away.

In 1777, Lord North was Prime Minister England, the Counselor of Kings—ten years later, and it is recorded, "Lord North was led out of Westminster Abbey by one of his daughters."

In 1777, there was a smart, active waiter at a country tavern—ten years later, he was a nabob, a baronet, a Knight of the Shire.

In 1777, Dr. P. went to the gallery of the House of Commons to hear Mr. Pitt's speech, and was turned out—ten years later, and Dr. P. rose in his place in the House of Lords to defend a drayman while Mr. Pitt stood to hear him.

By these examples, let young men learn that attention, diligence, persevering, loving attention to almost any of the useful of human life, guarantees success, whether in a Monarchy or a Republic, whether under Kings or Presidents. That to be good at any one thing is of itself elevating and aids to higher successes. That what gives enduring success is not family name, wealth, nor accident, nor position, nor even genius itself, but is the steady, energetic following up of any calling in the love of its nature and in the belief of its importance. And more: without this faith and affection no man has ever yet succeeded in any creditable occupation, nor do we believe ever will. For the most part, it may be set down as a very general truth that the great stimulus, which is essential to the successful pursuit of any worldly calling, is the want of money! the very thing which young men think the greatest calamity.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Supreme Court, at its recent session at Indianapolis, Ind., decided that all property used for school and college purposes, by individuals or societies, shall be taxed as other property in the State is taxed. The statute exempting school property from taxation was construed as applying only to that purchased and used for Common School purposes, paid for and supported out of the general fund of the State.

NO EAR FOR MUSIC.—Do you hear that music—the heavenly music? said an enthusiastic fox hunter, to a rather green companion, who rode beside him, as the pack opened in full cry.

"No, I hear nothing," said verdant, inclining his ear; "I cannot hear anything for the cursed noise made by these dogs."

It may be readily supposed that after this, Old Sport and Young Sport soon parted company.

Western Annoyances.

Judge J. who had recently returned from a tour to the West, relates an anecdote illustrating the horrors to which travelers in that region are exposed. In his passage to one of the rivers, he fell in company with a talkative lady and gentleman, to whom he was relating some of his sufferings from mosquitoes.

"Husband," said the lady to the gentleman owning that title, "you had better tell the gentleman about the man we met in Iowa."

The hint was sufficient, and the "husband" proceeded to say that, in their travels farther West, they made the acquaintance of a stalwart, rollicking, Western Hoosier, one of the genus who could "whip his weight in wild cats," but who possessed a fund of quiet humor. On one occasion, they had stopped at a hotel in the interior, not of the most inviting appearance. They were shown to their rooms, the Hoosier at one end and the lady and gentleman at the other of a long hall. About midnight the drowsy couple were startled by the report of firearms, proceeding from the end of the hall occupied by their traveling companion. Both started up in bed and began to speculate upon the probable cause of this untimely alarm, when they heard a rushing of feet, and a confusion of voices in the hall.—On going to the door, the gentleman found the whole household, headed by the landlord, rushing in the direction of the report. His curiosity led him to join this midnight procession, and he arrived with the rest, in front of the Hoosier's door. The landlord tried the latch but found it fast, whereupon, in a loud voice he demanded instant admission.

"What do you want?" roared a voice within.

"Want to come in!" replied the landlord.

"Can't do it," was the response from within. "It's my room, and I'm in bed—can't come in."

"Let me in!" shouted the landlord, in a louder tone, at the same time shaking the door violently, "or I'll break the door down!"

"Hold on!" rejoined the voice within, "I'll open the door."

The door was soon opened when in rushed the whole party, expecting to see the floor covered with blood. What was their surprise to find everything in its proper place, and the Hoosier calm and unconcerned. A revolver was carelessly lying on the bed.

"Who fired the pistol?" demanded the landlord.

"I did!" was the reply.

"Why?" asked the landlord.

The Hoosier stepped to the bed, and throwing open the covering, said:

"Look here. Do you see that?"

The attention of the party was at once directed to the point indicated, and there, over the whole surface of the sheet, bed-bugs were scampering in every direction, like a flock of sheep frightened by a dog. The landlord was enraged and puzzled, and looked to his lodger for explanation.

"These," began the Hoosier, straightening himself up to his full height and gesticulating with his right hand in grandiloquent style, "these are my friends! I have settled an armistice with them, and we are on friendly terms, but on the window sill there, just outside, you will find two infernal big fellows that I couldn't do anything with, and so I jest put a bullet through 'em. But it's all right now, 'tis all understood between me and my friends here, and we shall get along well enough now."

It is needless to add, that the landlord retired to his own bed visibly crest-fallen, while the spectators enjoyed a hearty laugh.

NEWSPAPERS AND ADVERTISING.—The Philadelphia Bulletin, after making some very timely suggestions, on the duties of the current year, comes to the following very sensible conclusion. Its hint is as applicable here as in Philadelphia:

Finally, make a resolve—if you are in any sort of business, that you will push it with all the economy, liberality, spirit and enterprise you can muster—and by way of taking a fresh start and combining the whole four in one vigorous effort, the best thing you can do is, beyond question, to take a newspaper, and send to it a good long advertisement—one of that kind which not only makes it certain that your name will be seen by all the world, but which also proves that you are doing a first business, and can afford to make it known. The world loves to patronize those whom it thinks are doing well—and liberal advertising is an unfailing sign of prosperity, as times go. Of all habits, this is, beyond question, one of the very best to form at the beginning of the year, and as such we sincerely commend it to all friends and readers.

A MONOM.—The New York Express has been told, on the most undoubted authority, that there lives in that city a man who has two wives at the same time and at the same house. The ladies are said to be excellent friends. What an uxorious fellow he must be; but we don't believe about the two wives being such good friends—never.—Ex.

New Law.—Pre-payment on all Transient Matter

We are requested to publish the following regulations, which the Postmaster-General has made to carry out the provisions of an act just passed, requiring prepayment of postage on all transient printed matter:

1. Books not weighing over four pounds, may be sent in the mail, pre-paid by postage stamps at one cent an ounce any distance in the United States under three thousand miles, provided they are put up without a cover or wrapper, or in a cover or wrapper open at the ends or sides, so that their character may be determined without removing the wrapper.

2. Unsealed circulars, advertisements, business cards, transient newspapers, and every other article of transient printed matter, (except books) not weighing over three pence, sent in the mail to any part of the United States, are chargeable with one cent postage each, to be prepaid by postage stamps. Where more than one circular is printed on a sheet, or a circular and letter, each must be charged with a single rate. This applies to lottery and other kindred sheets assuming the form and name of newspapers; and the miscellaneous matter in such sheets must also be charged with one rate. A business card on an unsealed envelope of a circular subjects the entire packet to letter postage.—Any transient matter, like a circular or handbill, enclosed in or with a periodical newspaper, sent to a subscriber, or to any other person, subjects the whole package to letter postage; and whenever from any cause whatever, all printed matter, without exception, must be pre-paid, or excluded from the mail. It is the duty of the postmaster at the mailing office, as well as at the office of delivery, to carefully examine all printed matter, in order to see if it is charged with the proper rate of postage, and to detect fraud. At offices where postage stamps cannot be procured, postmasters are authorized to receive money in pre-payment of postage on transient matter; but they should be careful to keep a supply on hand.

A MISERABLE IN LOVE.—The Keokuk Gate City relates the following:

Ed. H. paid his addresses to Rosa, the daughter of Dr. P., of that city, but his suit was not favored by her parents, and she was driven to make clandestine appointments with her darling Ed. One of these eventuated finally enough. Ed. was to come to the house and wait outside till the lights were turned off, and then she would quietly let him in. The evening came, and Rosa thought her parents would never tire. But after a while the Doctor sought his night cap, and Rosa slipped off into the parlor and sat down in the dark.

Her mother, thinking all others had gone to bed, lighted a lamp, turned off the gas, and went up stairs to bed. But while she was standing in the hall, at the head of the stairs, she heard a gentle rap at the door. Fearing that the wind would blow out her only light, she thoughtfully sat it down in the hall, and descended to the door by its uncertain light. As she threw open the door, in rushed Ed., and seizing her in his arms, began such a siege of kissing as prevented her from crying out for aid. Poor Ed. did not discover his error until he had called her his darling Rosa about ninety times, and received on his face a blow in exchange for each kiss. But bearing himself called an impertinent villain, he incorrantly fled the house, as greatly chagrined as Mrs. P. was angry.

Whether his devotion or persistency won the mother to his favor, is not stated, but Ed. and Rosa were shortly married, with the full consent of the parents. It proved with Ed.'s love making as it often does in cards, a misdeal changes the luck.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—I was sitting by the side of Imogene, meditating upon the best manner of coming to the point, when she took up an orange that lay upon the table.

"Will you have a part of this?" she asked.

I assented, thinking all the while more of the orange flowers than of the fruit.—What she was thinking of I cannot say.—She divided the orange into two parts, and gave me one. A sudden inspiration came upon me.

"Oh, Imogene!" said I, "I wish you would serve me as you have the orange!"

"What do you mean?" she asked innocently.

"Why, you have halved the orange, now won't you have me?"

I am a little obvious as to what followed for the next few minutes; only I remember that somehow I found my moustache in contact with her lips. We are to be married in October. You will receive cards.

At an election for Justice of the Peace in Carthage, Indiana, on the 30th ult., Joe Benton, a black, greasy, thick-lipped nigger received seventeen votes. The nigger is, no doubt, better than those who voted for him.

Sixty-six inches of snow has fallen this winter in the vicinity of Galena, Ill., by actual measurement.

Terms of Advertising.

For 12 lines or less, 1st insertion, - - - \$10 75
For each subsequent insertion, - - - 10 15
For half column 6 months, - - - 14 00
" " 12 months, - - - 18 00
For whole column 6 months, - - - 18 00
" " 12 months, - - - 25 00

A liberal deduction made for yearly advertisements. When the number of times for continuing an advertisement is not specified, it will be continued until ordered cut, and charged accordingly.

Western Music.—A western chap went to New York to purchase goods, &c., and was invited to one of those fashionable parties so common in large cities. He was clearly a Western original, but said very little until he saw that the party was not to close without an attempt to corner him. At length a bevy of laughing girls, the most accident in the world, found themselves grouped about the westerner. Then one in a most animated discourse upon music and city playing. When all this had passed just far enough, one of the dummies, with her head adorned more without than within, and in that peculiar parlor dress which, fortunately, no type can represent, accosted the observed with:

"Do the ladies play music at the west, sir?"

Original saw the game and determined to win.

"O, very universally, Miss," was the cool reply.

"Indeed? I was not aware of that; pray, do they use the piano mostly?"

"Never, Miss; the instrument that we have out our way is the *Swinett*, and the girls all play it."

"Oh, dear! I am sure, positively, that I never heard of that before; do tell us what it is, and how they play it."

"Well, the instrument is a small pig, and each takes one of these under her arm and *cheers the end of its long tail*, and that brings the music!"

The preconcerted "come" made no further progress; and for the balance of the evening western "green" was the lion of the show.

A YANKEE OUTDONE.—There is a pleasant little tale about Sir Allen Nab. He was once traveling by steamer, and as luck would have it, was obliged to occupy a state room with a certain full-blooded Yankee. Both gentlemen arose early in the morning, and when Sir Allen was dressing, he was astonished to behold his inquisitive companion make thorough researches in his (Sir Allen's) well furnished dressing case. Having completed his examination, he proceeded, while the chieftain remained in petrified astonishment, coolly to select the tooth-brush, and therewith to bestow on his long yellow fangs an industrious and energetic scrubbing. Sir Allen said not a word, but "kept up a deal of thinking." When Jonathan had concluded, the old Scotchman gravely finished washing himself, silently set the basin on the floor, soaped one foot well, and taking the tooth-brush, applied it vigorously to his toes and toe nails.

"You dirty fellow!" exclaimed the astonished Yankee, who had watched every motion, "what the mischief are you doing that for?"

"Oh!" said Sir Allen, coolly, "That's the brush I always do that with."

A RUSSIAN RAILROAD.—Nicholas the First, of Russia, had quite an original way of transacting business. He sent one day for his engineers, and gave them eight days to bring him the route of a railroad to connect St. Petersburg with Moscow. At the end of the allotted time the plan was prepared.

"What," said he, looking at it, "what is all this—this serpentine track? You must have misunderstood me."

"Sire," said the spokesman, "we have drafted the shortest route which would embrace on the line the leading towns and villages."

"Give me a pencil and rule," said he, and he struck a bee-line from one city to the other. "Here—you understand me?"

"But, sire, you leave the large towns entirely out of sight."

"That is their affair; let them come within sight."

And so the road was built as straight as an I.

PUT A FEW MORE S'S IN YOUR ANSWER.—The officer of the deck on board a man-of-war, asked the man at the wheel one day, "How does she head?" It was blowing a gale of wind. "South ayst," replied Pat, touching his hat, but forgetting at the time to add "Sir" to his answer.

"You had better put a few more S's in your answer, when you speak to me," said the bluff lieutenant.

"Aye, aye, Sir-r," returned the witty Irishman.

A day or so after, the officer asked—"How does she head now?"

"South ayst and be south, half south and a little southerly, Sir-ree, your honor, Sir," screamed Pat.

AN ORISON.—A western chap gives his views of the New York women in this way:

Somewhars in every circumference of silk, velvet and cetry that rattles along Broadway, thars allus a wumman, I spos; but how much of the holler is filled in with meet, and how much is gammon, the meer spectator can never no. A feller marries a site, and finds, when he comes to the pint, that he has nothin in his arms but a regular anatomy. If men is gay deceevers, wot's to be said of a female that dresses for a hundred and forty weight but hesent reely as much fat on her as woud grease a griddle—all the apparent plumpness consisting of cotton and whale-bone!



LEBANON, KY.

Wednesday Morning, Feb. 4 1857.

The Bardstown Gazette.

The person who does up the editorials of the *Gazette*, during the boss's absence, seems extremely anxious to enter into a wordy war with us, having honored us by a notice in the last issue of that delectable sheet of almost a column in length. Now, we do not intend to gratify the gentleman, not a bit of it; but we will merely do what we have before had to do to the *Bardstown clique*:—explain our position. We are not owned by the aforesaid clique, no more than by the *Gazette* and its numerous editors, and consequently are responsible to neither for our political actions. The dictatorial spirit of the above mentioned parties evinced toward us, on former occasions would sour the temper of a less mild person than ourself. But of that no more.

In presenting the claims of Dr. Palmer for the consideration of the Democracy of this District, we are doing nothing more than a simple act of justice. For, while even the editor of the *Gazette* was protesting that he was not the "organ" of the Democratic party, the doctor was showing by his untiring efforts in the cause, what a good democrat he would make. Among the many good and true men who bared their arms and burnished up their armor and stood in the breach, to hurl back the fell wave of fanaticism, none deserve the meed of praise more than our friends, Dr. Palmer and James P. Barbour. As we have said before, we do not intend to deprecate the claims of Hon. J. H. Jewett, nor any other valiant chieftain in our now victorious party, as the *Gazette* would seem to intimate;—far from it. We think we have already said more than necessary, to satisfy a candid public as to our consistency.

Speaking of consistency puts us in mind that the *Gazette* headed its article with that appropriate word. Well it makes us smile when we read the following morseau in the self same article, from the pen of this defender of Mr. McCarty:

"Mr. Jewett is an able and talented man. He has made us a good representative; then why not elect him again?"

Oh most unfortunate paragraph! Oh most puerile defender! Oh temporal! Oh Moses in the shoe-brushes! Put your head in soak, and you may gain at least a shadow of an idea that our recommendation of a gentleman to the consideration of a Convention is not quite so egregious an error, as your positively dictating to a party of which you are so young a member who to elect. From the lengthy communications which occur in the *Gazette*, since the absence of its editor, in favor of Mr. Jewett, one would suppose that, although it never consented to be the "organ" of a party, his representative has learned to grind some exquisite tunes in favor of an individual upon it, in a remarkably short space of time.

We observe that some of our neighbors on Main Street are setting a very good example, by cleaning up before their doors during the present soft weather. This is a good idea and should be followed by others. Wonder if it is our new Marshall, Mr. Wm. Milburn, who is at the head of it? Hope it is, for that is at least an earnest that some of our town authorities are not enjoying a Rip Van Winkle sleep, and that we may once more see at least a slight shadow of the law and its enforcers in our otherwise happy and quiet town. So mote it be.

Miss M. McD—, will please accept our warmest thanks for her most exquisite Christmas Gift. It consists of a most beautifully worked pair of cloth slippers. Such events are a perfect oasis in the desert of editorial life, and calms must be the heart that would not thrill with pleasant gratitude on receiving such tokens of esteem. Lady, may your path down the turbid shores of time be strewn with flowers. May your life be one peaceful dream of a blissful eternity.

We would call the attention of our reader to the advertisement of the *Saturday Evening Post*, to be found in another column. Messrs. Deacon & Peterson make decidedly one of the best family papers now published, and heartily commend it to our readers.

We are rejoiced to learn that Mr. McCarty, editor of the *Bardstown Gazette*, has so far recovered as to be able to resume his post.

It seems that Jack, of the Lebanon Post, since the November election, is becoming jealous of M'Carty, of the Bardstown Gazette, a late convert to Democracy. Hear him:

"Mr. M'Carty is too young a Democrat to always keep in mind the time-honored motto of his adopted party: 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.'"

We suspect that Mack is about to "get the heels" of Jack.—*Glasgow Journal*.

Not at all, friend Smith. You labor under a mistake, decidedly. We envy no man for his good fortune. But the only thing which grates harshly upon your k. n. ears, is the motto. You are at your old party tricks again. They would lead the Democratic party into a slumber upon their apparent security, and wish the members thereof to forget their time-honored motto:—"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." With this watch-word they have valiently fought and gloriously conquered every *ism* that raised its hydra-headed carcass against the liberty, peace, and well-being of our beloved Union. But it is no go. The "watch-fires" of Democracy are burning brightly, the sentinels are posted, and whether the command be: "None but Dutch and Irish on guard tonight," or not, that glorious old party will be always on the alert, and defend and protect this grand Confederacy against all odds.

AN ANOMALY.—There are some men in our town at present, selling books at auction, who have not paid the printer a visit. This is singular, truly. This is a gratuitous notice, and we charge nothing for it. Cheap, ain't it?

CAUSE FOR DIVORCE.—The Arabs always allow a man to divorce himself from a wife who does not make good bread.—Were such a law in our country, half the young married ladies, we fear, would be in danger of falling back into single blessedness.

SNOW BREAD.—We find the annexed paragraph in one of our exchanges, and fully coincide in his praise of snow-bread:

"All persons where snow abounds, are not, perhaps, aware of the value of the fleecy flakes in making light, delicious, and wholesome bread. There is no 'rising' in the world so perfectly physiological as good, fresh, sweet snow. It 'raises' bread or cakes as the best yeast, or the pure acids or alkalies, while it leaves no taint or fermentation like the former, nor injurious neutral salt like the latter. Indeed it raises by supplying atmosphere wherewith to puff up the dough, while the other methods only supply carbonic acid gas."

We don't know about the "cakes" spoken of in the above extract, unless they be corn-meal cakes, as we have never seen it tried on anything but corn-bread.

THE SMUGGLING CASE.—A New York letter, of the 21st ult., gives these particulars about the smuggling case in that city:

About \$40,000 worth of diamonds was seized by the United States authorities on Thursday afternoon, by an incidental discovery made while opening a box of imported goods on board the steamer Washington, belonging to the firm of Henle & Brothers, importers of precious stones, No. 26 Maiden Lane. The diamonds were discovered by the officers accidentally opening the bottom instead of the top of the box, where they had been secreted in a false bottom which the box contained.

Several officers were dispatched to the store of the arrested parties, and the entire contents of their safes, embracing diamonds and valuable stones, amounting to over \$150,000, were removed to the Custom House. They alleged that they will be able to vindicate themselves from the present charge—that they had no connection whatever with this attempt to defraud the United States revenue. They have been known for years as the heaviest importers of diamonds and precious stones in the city. They have branch houses in Berlin, Paris, London, and other cities in Europe.

DESIGNS ON MEXICO.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says:

In the recent foreign news it was stated that Santa Anna had given his sanction to a movement in Spain for establishing a monarchy in Mexico. It is known here that an agent for the same purpose visited Louis Napoleon within the last three months, but found no encouragement for the design. Santa Anna desires the restoration on any terms, 'forgetting that this government could not be a passive spectator should a foreign force be employed.

HEAVY VERDICT.—In a breach of promise case tried at Bath, Maine, last week, the jury returned a verdict of two thousand three hundred and fifty dollars. It was the case of Margaret Kniffin against Alfred M'Connel.

BIG LUMP OF SILVER.—A mass of pure solid silver weighing sixty-five pounds, was recently taken from the Minnesota mines.

It is stated that some persons from this city are about to erect an extensive railroad car manufactory in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. The La Crosse company have pledged themselves to take all the work they can turn out.—*Low Courier*.

Fight in the Missouri Legislature.

On Wednesday last a discussion somewhat personal at its commencement, took place in the Missouri Legislature, between Messrs. Darnes and Reid, on a resolution as to the practicability of slavery emancipation in Missouri. We copy the following proceedings from the St. Louis News:

Mr. Carnes said he did not fear gunpowder, and begged to inform the gentleman that his room was No. 12 Newman's Hotel.

Mr. Reid: If I am not mistaken, it may be No. 12 a little lower down the river.

Mr. Darnes: Yours ought to be cell No. 12 Penitentiary, where you ought to have been before you fought the battle of Ossawatimie.

Mr. Reid rose, and Mr. Darnes facing the Speaker, continued his remarks:

Mr. Darnes: Your powder has no terrors for me, I am contending for principle.

At this moment Mr. Reid had stepped to the right hand side of Mr. Darnes. He laid his left hand upon his shoulder, and drawing off with his right, struck him (Darnes) a heavy blow on the right cheek, covering the cheek bone and knocking him down. Reid then returned to his seat.

Mr. Darnes, having recovered somewhat from the effects of the blow, said: I say, sir, that no man but a cowardly assassin would step up behind a gentleman's back and strike him.

Mr. Hill, of St. Louis: I move that this house do now adjourn till nine o'clock Thursday.

Motion lost.

Mr. Darnes: I say, sir, that I have been assaulted in the House, I say, sir, that an assassin stepped up behind me when my back was turned upon him and struck me in the face—I pronounce him a coward and scoundrel.

Mr. Reid here stepped up again, when Mr. Darnes raised a tumbler with the evident intention of throwing it at him.

Mr. Reid then drew a knife, when Mr. Allen, of Warren, and several other gentlemen stepped in front of Mr. Reid, and he retired to his seat.

Mr. Darnes was also prevented from throwing the glass by gentlemen around him. The latter gentleman was then conducted from the room.

DO YOU WISH FOR HEALTH.—If afflicted with any form of disease, no matter how inveterate, or what duration, we advise you as a friend, to try Hurley's Sarsaparilla.—The reputation of this medicine has not (like others) had its birth in a single day but one that has developed itself by degrees ever since introduced till now regarded the friend of suffering humanity. Its curative properties have been fully tested in thousands and thousands of cases, from the most simple eruption of the skin, to the deadliest enemy of the human family, "consumption," and in no instance where perseveringly adopted, has it failed to afford permanent relief.—*Mobile News*.

A SERIES OF BLUNDERS.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Times says:

A correspondence, recently published by the House, reveals a ludicrous series of blunders over the signature of Secretary Guthrie—for which, however, he is not really responsible half so much as his Assistant Secretary may be supposed to be—for it is well known that in these matters of minor importance, the Secretary never can do more than affix his signature to a letter presented to him therefor.

The subject of the correspondence is the controversy with the Department in relation to refusal to pay to the employees of the House the extra pay voted them last adjournment. Guthrie's first letter cites a law of Congress of July 24, 1842. The Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, in reply, notified the Secretary that there was no law approved on that day.

The Secretary rejoined, stating that his previous letter should have referred to a law of '26th August, 1842.' Mr. Campbell answered to this that he could find in no law of '26th August, 1842,' any such language as that quoted by the Secretary in his letter. This brings out still another letter from Mr. Guthrie, stating that the law cited was the 2d section of the act of 'August 23d,' instead of 26th.

Still again the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means informed the Secretary that the law of 23d August, 1842 did not contain the language quoted in his original letter. Mr. Guthrie's answer to this was an acknowledgment of error, and a declaration that the act from which he quoted was the one of '21st July, 1852,' instead of 26th July, 1842.

Now opens a new act in the farce, and Mr. Campbell writes to the Secretary, showing him that the section of the act of 21st July, 1852, to which he had referred, was repealed in the act of August, 31st, 1852. Mr. Guthrie promptly answered, acknowledging the last and fatal error, and so ended this remarkable budget of blunders. Rather a bad look for our correct and unimpeachable Assistant Secretary!

A NARROW ESCAPE.—An admonition against hasty funerals occurred last week at Fremont, Ohio. Daniel Stearns, who had been sick with a fever, apparently died. All arrangements were made, and the friends and the clergyman were assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the supposed deceased, when the body appeared warm to the touch. Restoratives were administered, and, in a few minutes, the man who came so near being buried alive was sitting up. He is now in a fair way of recovery.

Walker Reported Surrounded.

New York, Jan. 28.

The British mail steamer *Thames* arrived at Aspinwall on the 19th, from Greytown, which place she left the day previous.—She brought 35 of Walker's men, who were transferred to the steamer *Granada*, which steamer left immediately for Greytown, the filibusters brought out by the Texas and James Adger, and convey them to New Orleans.

Walker had evacuated Rixas, and was at St. George's surrounded by the allies who had offered him terms of surrender, and as he was cut off from supplies, it was hourly expected that his followers would surrender.

The Aspinwall Courier of the 19th says that it was reported by the *Thames* that the steamer *Sierre Nevada* had been captured by the Costa Ricans, and that in consequence the St. Mary's would leave Panama for San Juan immediately.

The British mail steamship *Thames*, which arrived at Aspinwall from Greytown, reported Walker with a force of 500 men, surrounded by enemies, who offered him terms of capitulation, which he would probably accept.

The Panama Star contains details of the seizure of Walker's steamers, but gives nothing of importance additional to what is already known here.

Great National Trial of Machinery and Implements of every description pertaining to Agriculture and Household Manufactures at the Fifth Annual Fair of the United States Agricultural Society, to be held at Louisville, Ky., during the Fall of 1857.

The Committee of the United States Agricultural Society, appointed at the Fifth annual meeting, held at the Smithsonian Institution, in the city of Washington, on the 14th of January, "to designate the time and places, and to make all the necessary arrangements for a national trial in the field of agricultural implements and machinery, respectfully invite the inventors and manufacturers of all such articles, both in the United States and foreign countries, to participate in a public trial to be made at Louisville, Ky., under the auspices of the society, during the fall of 1857.

This new arrangement for the exhibition of agricultural implements and machinery of all kinds in actual operation results from a conviction on the part of the society that no just awards can be made except upon a practical working trial before competent judges; and the fullest opportunity will be afforded to test the comparative merits of the various machines that may be entered as competitors for the awards, both as regards land and held implements and steam powers for stationary machinery.

A separate trial of reapers and mowers will be made at the appropriate season, special arrangements for which, as to time, place, &c., will be announced at an early date.

It is intended that this exhibition shall be on the most extensive scale, for the purpose of testing the working qualities of these important implements more thoroughly than has yet been done on any previous occasion, either in the United States or in Europe.

All articles from foreign countries intended for exhibition may be consigned to the "Agent of the United States Agricultural Society, Louisville, Kentucky," by whom they will be received and stored free of charge.

This brief announcement of the proposed trial is made at this early date to afford the most ample time for the preparation and transmission of machinery. A circular containing full particulars as to regulation, premiums, &c., will be issued as soon as prepared by the committee, and will be forwarded to persons who may apply to the Secretary, Henry S. Olcott, American Institute, New York.

To enable the Society to make arrangements on a sufficiently liberal scale, it is requisite that the committee should know what articles will be offered for competition; and they therefore request those inventors and manufacturers who may be disposed to unite in the proposed trial to communicate their intentions to the Secretary at their earliest convenience.

Committee on Implements and Machinery of the United States Agricultural Society.

TENCH TILGHMAN, Oxford, Md., Chairman.
JOHN D. LANG, Vassiboro, Maine.
J. T. WARDER, Springfield, Ohio.
G. E. WARRING, Jun., American Institute, N. Y.
HENRY S. OLCOTT, Westchester Farm School, N. Y., Sec'y.

[Editors of journals of every description who are desirous to promote the interest of agriculture will confer a particular favor by an insertion of the above circular.]

A telegraphic despatch informs us that the Democratic Caucus in Indianapolis has nominated Hon. Jesse D. Bright and Dr. G. N. Fitch for the U. S. Senate. *Louisville Courier*.

The Saturday Evening Post.
THE BEST WEEKLY PAPER.

Sample Numbers Furnished Gratis.

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DEACON & PETERSON,
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Feb. 3-3t.

GRAHAM'S Illustrated Magazine.

The Fiftieth Volume commences with the next January number. Watson & Co., the new publishers of this Magazine, announce to their patrons and the public generally that it is their intention to make use of all the immense resources at their command to produce a *First Class Magazine*. To this end no expense or exertion will be spared.

Every number will contain two fine Steel Engravings. Fine Wood Engravings will illustrate many of the articles published in each number.

The *Ladies' Work Table*.—Under this head they will present, in each number, a great variety of Useful and Ornamental Designs and Patterns for Crochet and Needle Work, with full directions for working, when necessary.

The Fashion Department of this Magazine will be fully equal and in some respects superior to that of any other Magazine published.

The Literary contents will combine all that is useful, instructive, and entertaining, consisting in part of Historical Romances, Sketches of Travel, Tales of society, Translations, Gems of Poetry, Interesting Extracts from New Works, Criticisms, Fairy Tales, Tales of the Wonderful, and many other works of interest.

The Twelve numbers of this Magazine for 1857 will comprise one of the most magnificent volumes ever issued, containing in all twelve hundred pages of Reading matter, one hundred fine wood engravings, twelve handsome steel engravings, twelve beautiful colored Fashion Plates, one hundred engravings of Ladies' and Children's dresses, fifty comic illustrations, and over three hundred patterns of Needlework, &c.

TERMS: One copy one year, \$3; two copies, \$5; five copies, (and one to get out of club,) \$10; eleven copies, (and one to agent,) \$20.

Send in your subscriptions early to
WATSON & CO.,
50 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

EXTRA NOTICE.—Subscribers sending three dollars for one year's subscription to "Graham," will receive a copy of *Graham's Ladies' Paper* for one year without charge.

New Advertisements.

NOTICE.

TAKEN up as an Estray by A. L. Haydon, Marion county, living 6 miles west of Lebanon, a certain RED STEER, three years old, marked two swallow forks and under bit in the left ear. Appraised to seven dollars by Matthew Brannon. Given under my hand as a Justice of the Peace for said county, this 26th day of December, 1856.
Jan 28-4t T. A. BEAVEN, J. P. M. C.

Dissolution.

THE firm of WILSON & HEADY was dissolved on the 27th ult., M. P. Heady withdrawing from the concern. All persons indebted to them will please call without delay and liquidate their indebtedness. Those having claims against the firm will present them immediately for settlement. The books will be found at the old stand on Market between First and Second streets, where one or both may be found.
J. WOOD WILSON,
M. P. HEADY.

In retiring from the late firm of Wilson & Heady, I recommend my partner, Mr. Wilson, and his present associate, Mr. Shallcross, to my friends.
M. P. HEADY.

J. WOOD WILSON has associated with him in the Grocery, Produce, Forwarding and Commission business, Mr. S. H. SHALLCROSS, and will continue the same at the old stand, No. 553, Market street, between First and Second, Louisville, Ky. The style of the firm will be J. WILSON & SHALLCROSS.
Jan. 31, 1857-4t

Look at This.

Information will be sent free of charge to any respectable person, either male or female, how to make from \$15 to \$50 per month. It requires no capital to carry it on, neither will it interfere with any other business a person may be engaged in. For full particulars enclose a three cent stamp, to pay return postage, and send your name and address to
H. A. SANDERS,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Jan'y. 21, 1857-2t.

Three Houses and Lots FOR SALE IN LEBANON, KY.

THE undersigned wishes to sell THREE HOUSES and LOTS, to-wit: One large Brick House, two stories high, with a small two-story Frame attached; containing nine or ten rooms, good well and cistern. Also one Brick Cottage, on Main street, containing seven rooms. Half-acre of ground attached to each. Both handsome family residences. Also one small frame house, on Back street, near the new Presbyterian Church, suitable for a small family. I will sell one or all of the houses at private sale if application is made between now and the 1st day of March, 1857.

Lebanon is one of the most healthy and thriving inland towns in Kentucky, and will soon be the terminus of a Branch of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

TERMS.—One fourth, cash in hand; the balance in one and two years, with interest from date. For further particulars address
B. EDMONDS,
127 Louisville Weekly Journal and Presbyterian Herald insert to the amount of three dollars each, and send bill to advertiser.

NEW

Dry Goods & Grocery Store.

THE UNDERSIGNED ARE NOW RECEIVING an entire new stock of Goods, consisting of

STAPLE DRY-GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS & SHOES, assorted Hardware and Queensware—in a word, a general assortment of such goods as are usually kept in our market, all of which we will sell cheap for cash.
J. E. & W. W. WATKIN.

Dec. 10, '56-1t

Lady's Paper,

Devoted exclusively to the Wants of the Ladies of America.

TERMS: Single copies, 50 cents; five copies, \$2; fourteen copies, and one sent to get out of club, for \$5; always payable in advance.

Graham's Ladies' Paper, published monthly, a miscellany of Fashion, Romance, Tales, and General Literature; the *Ladies' Companion* to *Graham's Illustrated Magazine*; Charles G. Leland, Editor.

The size of the paper will be eight large pages of four columns each, especially adapted to binding.

The contents will be of a varied and interesting character, embracing a good selection of Tales and Romances, by the most popular writers.

A handsome plate of the Fashions will be published in each number, accompanied with engravings of Mantillas, Shawls, Bonnets, Children's Dresses, &c., Crochet and Needlework, with plain and minute instructions for working.

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SEE THE RARE INDUCEMENTS! THE MANAGEMENT have the pleasure of announcing that the collection of Works of Art designed for distribution among the subscribers, whose names are received previous to the 28th of January, 1857, is much larger and more costly than on any previous year. Among the leading works in Sculpture—executed in the finest marble—is the new and beautiful Statue of the "WOOD NYMPH," the busts of the three great American Statesmen, CLAY, WEBSTER, & CALHOUN, also the exquisite ideal bust, "SPRING." APOLLO and DIANA, in marble, life size, together with the following Groups and Statues in Carrara Marble—of the *Struggle for the Heart*.

Venus and Apple; Psyche; Magdalen; Child of the Sea; Innocence; Captive Bird; and Little Truant.

With numerous works in Bronze, and a collection of several hundred *Fine Oil Paintings*, by leading artists.

The whole of which are to be distributed or allotted among the subscribers whose names are received previous to the 28th of January, 1857, when the distribution will take place.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Every subscriber of three dollars is entitled to a copy of the splendid Steel Engraving, "Saturday Night," or a copy of any of the following \$3 Magazines one year; also a copy of the Art Journal one year, and a Ticket in the Annual Distribution of the Works of Art.

Thus, for every \$3 paid, a person not only gets a beautiful Engraving or Magazine one year, but also receives the Art Journal one year, and a Ticket in the Annual Distribution, making four dollars worth of reading matter besides the ticket, by which a valuable painting or piece of statuary may be received in addition.

Those who prefer Magazines to the Engraving "Saturday Night," can have either of the following one year: Harper's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, United States Magazine, Knickerbocker Magazine, Blackwood Magazine, Southern Literary Messenger.

No person is restricted to a single share. Those taking five memberships, remitting \$15, are entitled to six Engravings, and to six tickets in the distribution, or any five of the Magazines one year, and six tickets.

Persons, in remitting funds for membership, will please register the letter at the post-office, to prevent loss; on receipt of which, a certificate of Membership, together with the Engraving or Magazine desired, will be forwarded to any part of the country.

For further particulars, see the November Art Journal, sent free on application.

For membership address
C. L. DERBY, Actuary C. A. A.
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THE GREAT FAMILY WEEKLY PAPER!

The New York Ledger.

IT HAS NOW ATTAINED THE EXTRAORDINARY circulation of one hundred and ninety thousand copies. The *Ledger* is devoted to Polite Literature, Original Tales, Sketches, Lectures, Essays, Gossip, and current news, and maintains a high moral tone. It is everywhere acknowledged to be the best family paper in the world. Hence its extraordinary and unheard of popularity. Mr. Bonner, the Proprietor of the *Ledger*, employs the best talent in the country, and by so doing, makes the best paper. Such writers as Fanny Fern, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and Emerson Bennett, are permanently engaged on it, and will write for no other paper hereafter. Mrs. Sigourney, also, constantly writes for it; so do a host of other popular authors, including Miss Emma D. E. N. Southworth, Alice Cary, Mrs. Vaughan, Mary W. Stanly Gibson, Clara Sydney, &c., &c. The *Ledger* is beautifully illustrated every week.

The New York *Ledger* is printed on beautiful white paper, and is composed of eight pages, making the handsomest weekly paper in the country. It is published every Saturday, and sold at all the news offices in every city and town throughout the country; and is mailed for subscribers at two dollars per annum; two copies are sent for three dollars. Any person obtaining eight subscribers at \$1.50 each, which is our lowest club rates, and sending us \$12, will be entitled to one copy free. Terms invariably in advance. Address all letters to

ROBERT BONNER,
Publisher of New York *Ledger*,
44 Ann Street, New York.

N. B. Now is a good time to subscribe, as Emerson Bennett's great Original Novel of "FRONTIER LIFE," will be commenced in the *Ledger* on the first of January.

Dec. 17-2t

ALL KINDS OF BLANKS done in the neatest style at this office.

Scissoring.

From the Leecompton Union
A Court Scene in Kansas.

Some two years ago, says our informant, quite an amusing and novel scene transpired in the presence of his Honor, a probate judge of Kansas, whilst he was holding court.

We shall not give the real names of the parties, and hope that no one will take offence.

The date of this scene was some time in February, 1854—the 'locals' in some county.

The court room was a little log hut, ten by twelve, with a dirt floor and chimney. Chairs were very scarce, and his Honor had several billets of wood rolled together for seats. Upon one of the said logs his honor sat, with all his judicial dignity. Before him was arranged some poor fellow, for borrowing his neighbor's chickens without permission; confronted by his accuser. Upon the opposite side of the fireplace sat the sheriff and one of his friends, engaged in a pleasant game of 'old sledge'—we will call them Smith and Brown.

The Judge, after adjusting his quill and reaching back his hair several times that his legal bumps might be thoroughly exhibited, and staring the prisoner full in the face, propounded an interrogatory something like this:

Judge: Sir, what have you to say for yourself?

Brown: Smith, I beg.

Smith: I'll see you d—d first.

Judge: Sheriff, keep silence in the court. Well, what have you to say about these chickens?

Brown: (Aside.) Run the cards, Smith.

Prisoner: I intended to pay Mr. Wiggins for them.

Judge: Why didn't—

Brown: Smith you don't come that over me; follow suit, d—n you; none of your re-neging.

Judge: The court finds it impossible to proceed, unless you have order in the court-house.

Smith: In a moment, Judge. Count your game, Brown.

Judge: Did you ever eat or sell those chickens?

Prisoner: I sold them.

Smith: High, low, jack, gift, game.

Brown: Who give you one?

Smith: I beg your pardon. 'Twas you that begged.

Judge: Silence in the court!

Everything was quiet again for a few moments; the cards were shuffled and dealt; and in the meantime his Honor proceeded with the examination.

In the height of some other question being propounded by the Judge, Smith begged, and Brown gave one, hollowing out:

Brown: Now rip ahead, old hos; five and five.

The Judge, indignant and angry, arose from the court bench, and crossed to the players. Before he could say anything he spied Smith's hand holding the ace and ten of trumps, at the same time glancing at a big stone laying between them he saw two half dollars.

Judge: Brown, I'll bet you five dollars Smith beats this game?

Brown: done.

Up went the ore.

Smith led off and won the trick; led again and won, led the third time and won, but no game yet; commenced whistling and scratching his head tremendously.

Judge: (Leaning on Smith, and with one eye shut.) Smith, play 'em judiciously.

Smith led in a little heart and lost the trick. Brown played the queen at him, and won the ten.

'Hold,' said the Judge, angrily, 'let me see.'

Brown: What's the matter, Judge?

Smith: (Impatient.) Lead on, Brown.

Judge: (Raving.) This was a made up thing; you have defrauded me; I fine you both twenty-five dollars for contempt of court.

Brown got the money, the prisoner sloped, and so the court adjourned without formal process.

A man in Franklin county, Penn., has just been convicted of theft, for taking his own horse from the possession of the Sheriff, who had the animal under attachment. The court decided that such an operation was stealing.

A bill has passed the Iowa Legislature, admitting negroes to equality with whites as witnesses in courts.

CARPET SWEEPERS.—The Scientific American describes a carpet-sweeping machine exhibited at the fair of the American Institute at New York. It consists of a small box in which there is a revolving fan that sucks up all the dust and dirt and carries it into a small box compartment containing water. The woolen fibres and large particles are deposited in a drawer. The sweeping is done by pushing the box along the surface of the carpet by hand. The whole apparatus is light and simple, and will outlast a thousand brooms. No dust is created, and the sweeping is most thoroughly done.

THE MOB OF NOVELS.—Within the last three years the country has been flooded with novels, mostly written by women. We have lately been told that the sale of these books has fallen off astonishingly, and the demand has almost ceased. This fact should encourage the ladies to stop. Go out washing, take in sewing, attend to the children, nurse the sick, do anything honest and useful, but do stop writing wishy-washy, namby-pamby, and sentimental love stories.—New York Observer.

As this line begins here—and ends here!

FALL OF A FLOOR—FIVE MEN HERE.

Yesterday morning Capt. Hoople of the Madison rented a warehouse on the wharf, one of the old buildings in Commercial Row, in which he designed storing his freight. He set his crew to work to remove the freight from the boat to the house, and had piled a lot of bags and a quantity of flour and lard on the first floor which gave way with the great weight upon it, and eight or ten of the men, together with a vast amount of the flour and other articles, were precipitated to the cellar. The crash was tremendous, and it was thought that the men were all killed. The freight and lumber were quickly removed, and the men got out alive and safe. Not a limb was broken, and all escaped with a few slight bruises and contusions, excepting one young fellow who boarded on Fifth street. His name is Dolan and was the worst hurt, though he had no limbs broken.—Lou. Cou.

On Monday, Court day in Bowling Green, the sovereigns amused themselves by a free fight, with several outside skirmishes. Josiah Hancock insulted Eugene Bettersworth, who knocked him down with a slung shot, then Jack Davidson volunteered as the whipped man's friend, and Bettersworth popped him twice with a revolver, neither shot happily taking effect, owing to the thickness of his clothing. Several other knock-downs took place, and the days entertainment was concluded by Mr. Smith pitching a chunk of lead at Bostwick, knocking him off his horse and damaging his physiognomy. Next morning Perriger was engaged in a fight with S. Kohn, when a brickbat, thrown by Martin Barre, tilted him over. Spunky fellows down in Warren.

Home Remedies.

In another column of to-day's paper will be found the advertisement of L. H. NORTON & CO. Their preparations are made among us and are known to be at least equal, if not superior to any others of similar kinds put up anywhere. The Chill and Fever Remedy has no superior, as can be satisfactorily shown by those who have been cured by it. The sale has been so great for the past few weeks, and the satisfaction it has given so general, that the proprietors will, in the course of a few coming weeks, send to different parts of the country one hundred dozen.

This remedy is not only safe and certain, but by its combining in just proportions the properties of a Tonic and Anti-Periodic, Cathartic, and Diaphoretic; it needs no other medicine to accompany it; and besides it leaves the system free in a great measure, from the usual tendency to a return of the disease.

The Sarsaparilla is the official preparation, made after the formula of the United States Dispensary, and contains only the pure and fresh Honduras Root. It is recommended by our Physicians as superior to any other in the market. Its rapid sale among us, to those who know its qualities and the manner of its preparation would seem to be its best recommendation.

Of the Extract of Jamaica Ginger, there need be nothing said. It has been in use extensively for three years past and gives general satisfaction.

These preparations are not Patent Medicines. There is no secret about them. The public can see the formula by which they are prepared, and any respectable Physician can have the same by application to the proprietors in person or by letter.

These remedies can always be had, wholesale or retail, of the proprietors, at their Drug Store in Lebanon, Ky., and of Druggists generally.

The Scientific American.

TWELFTH YEAR!

One Thousand Dollar Cash Prizes!!

The Twelfth Annual Volume of this useful publication commences on the 13th day of September next.

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